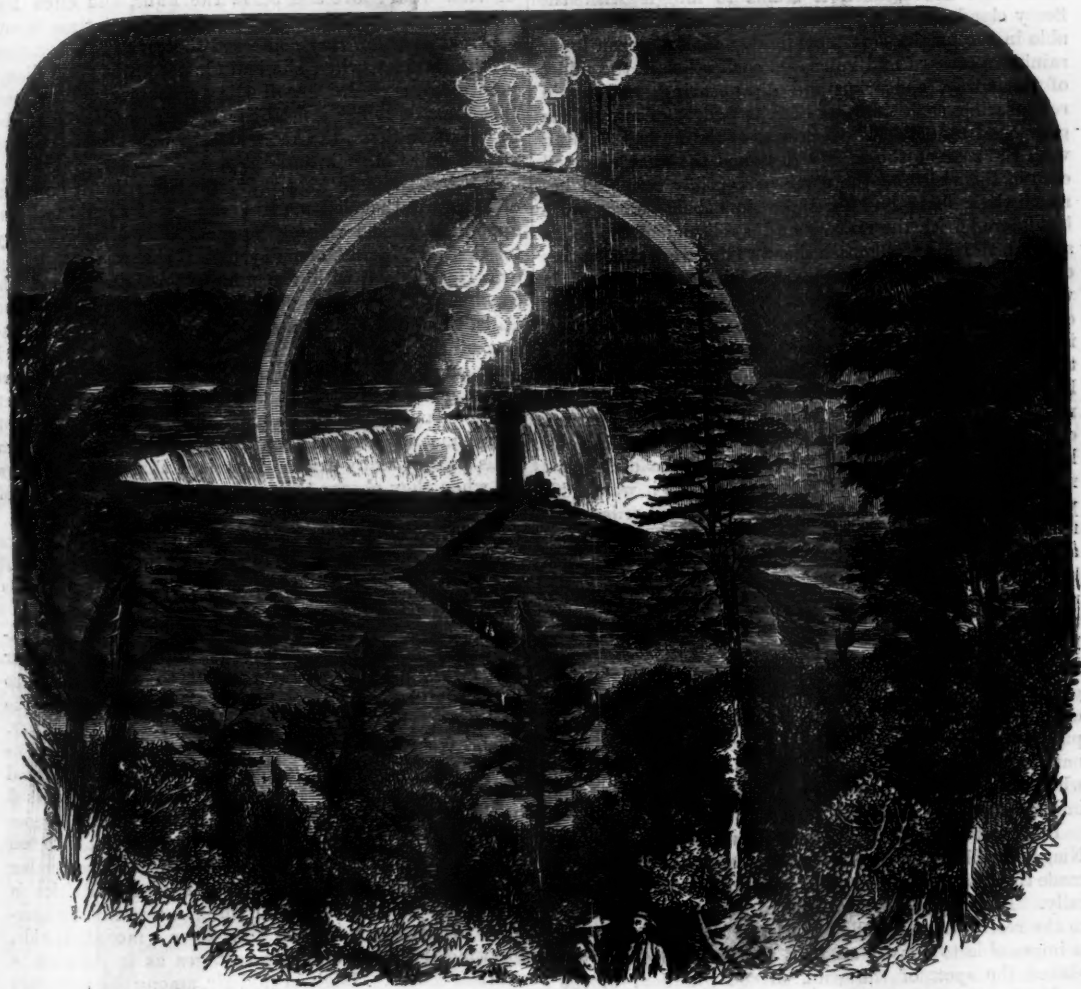


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



NIAGARA BY NIGHT.

## THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—WHAT OCCURRED AT NIAGARA FALLS.

THE midnight party to the Falls and the Terrapin Tower consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Upton, George Neville and cousin Mary, Captain Jack and Nancy Slowbury. Little Alice, overpowered with sleep after her long railroad journey, was left to rest on a sofa in one of the parlours of the International Hotel, under the charge of one of the waitresses. The weather

had been rainy for several days (so the party were informed by their guide on the way from the hotel), hence the waters of Lake Erie were unusually high; the currents of the rapids above the Falls ran with extraordinary velocity, and consequently the volume of water that swept over the wide, grand curve of the great Horseshoe Fall was much greater than on ordinary occasions. The moon, by the time they had reached the Falls, had risen high in the heavens, and the glorious scenery was lighted up almost with the brilliancy of daylight. The

steep, rugged defiles, between which the seemingly sluggish, yet really treacherously swift, and in some places (it is said) unfathomably deep, Niagara River flows silently onward towards the terrific, and often fatal whirlpool—four miles below the Falls; the groves of arbor vitae and maple which overhang the rugged steep; the thickets of cedar and acacia spread over the heights; the slender lines of the suspension bridge, apparently light and delicate as the threads of a spider's web, which stretch from shore to shore, below the Falls, and rest upon the dark towers on either bank; the foaming, seething cataract, shimmering in silvery light near its summit, and appearing of inky blackness near its base; and the pillar of spray, rising like a shadowy mist high above, until it seems to mingle with the fleecy clouds in the heavens—were all clearly discernable in the bright soft moonlight. Half a dozen lunar rainbows crossed and recrossed each other in the midst of the spray, appearing and disappearing, and again reappearing, each time in different figures of marvellous grace and beauty. The thunders of the Falls, mingling with the roar of the rapids, deafened the unaccustomed ears of the visitors; the earth perceptibly trembled beneath their feet; and for some time their senses were bewildered with the novelty and sublimity of the scene around, above, and beneath them. They were silent; for, even had they wished to converse with each other, their voices would have been unheard amidst the wild tumult of sound; and so wrapped up were most of the party in the sublimity of the scene, that they took no note of time, and might, and perhaps would, have lingered for hours gazing upon the ever-changing panorama, had not Captain Jack, more sensible to the necessity of creature comforts than his companions, warned them by pulling out his watch, and pointing to the hands on the dial—perfectly visible in the bright moonlight—that it was half-past one o'clock, and that the supper they had ordered at the hotel would be awaiting their return. Then, slowly and reluctantly, they retired, and, soon after they had regained the hotel, partook of supper and went to rest, and slept soundly in spite of, perhaps soothed by, the sullen murmur of the rapids almost beneath their bed-room windows.

The scenery of Niagara, apart from the Falls, is singularly romantic and beautiful. Deep defiles, steep cliffs, dense pine and cedar forests, thickly-wooded glens, picturesque vales, impervious thickets, deep rivers, and narrow, eddying streams, meet the eyes of travellers whichever way they wend their footsteps from the immediate vicinity of the Falls.

I do not purpose, however, to give a description of Niagara Falls. Hundreds of sabler pens than mine have made the attempt, and—failed, failed absolutely, universally. It is impossible to picture in words any semblance to the reality of the Falls or of their surroundings. It is impossible to convey an idea, to those who have not visited the spot, of the wild, savage grandeur of the rapids in the vicinity of Goat Island, just above the American Fall (more picturesque than the Horseshoe, though inferior in all other respects), where with resistless momentum the water comes down, leaping over sharp, projecting rocks, surging between stony ledges, seething and foaming and rushing madly onward in ceaseless turmoil, as if urged by some unseen power, until, in one vast sheet of crystal, it leaps the precipice, and pours down with terrific roar into the fathomless depths beneath—

The painter, who in depicting other scenes has so many advantages—ho

"Whose magic force  
Arrests the phantom's fleeting course!"—

is even less, far less successful than the poet in his attempts to depict Niagara Falls. No scenery on earth is more sublimely beautiful in its reality than that of Niagara: nothing is more rapid and spiritless than the paintings of Niagara Falls.

Early in the morning after their arrival, the minister's and the Captain's parties—the several members of which had formed a mutual friendship—revisited the cataract; and day after day, for many hours every day, they wandered about from point to point, seeking fresh points of view from above and below the Falls, and often lingering in silent abstraction for an hour at a time in one spot. Miss Slowbury confessed that even the first view of the cataract, when she had almost anticipated disappointment, exceeded her liveliest prior conceptions, and that the oftener she visited the Falls, and the longer she gazed upon them, the more deeply was she impressed with a sense of their sublimity.

"It was the paintings and engravings that I had seen of Niagara that led me to dread lest I should feel disappointed when I visited the spot," said Miss Slowbury to George Neville one day, when she was wandering over Goat Island with the young Englishman and his cousin. "The various descriptions I have read of the Falls, though they failed to give me a correct impression of the reality, always left my imagination free, and sometimes fired it to conjure up a Niagara of my own fancying; but I never yet saw a picture of the Falls that did not damp my enthusiasm. In fact, no picture that ever I met with gives even the faintest idea of Niagara Falls as they really exist. How is it that artists always fail when they choose this, one of the grandest works of creation, for their subject?"

"I suppose," replied George, "it is because painters cannot depict sound and motion, and upon sound and motion the grandeur and the sublimity of Niagara Falls essentially depend."

"Yet," replied Miss Slowbury, "I have seen a painting of a storm at sea—whether faithfully represented or not, I am, of course, incompetent to decide—but so thrillingly depicted that I fancied I could hear the howling of the wind and the roar of the angry billows. I could fancy that I saw the vessel tossing helplessly to and fro amidst the raging waters, and I have shuddered at the sight, as I might have shuddered had I witnessed the dread reality. And, again, I have seen landscapes so vividly depicted that I have brought myself to feel that I was really standing in their midst. I remember once going to see a painting that was on exhibition in New York. It represented, I think, a scene in Switzerland. An avalanche was rolling down a mountain side, uprooting trees and crushing cottages as it pursued its resistless course. High in mid-air, among the mountain peaks, an eagle was soaring; the only living creature in the awful, silent solitude. You raised your eyes to the upper portion of the canvas, and all was calm, and still, and motionless. One could fancy the eagle, monarch of the silent solitude, resting in his aerial flight, and, conscious of his own security, gazing down serenely upon the devastation going forward in the valley beneath. There all was noise, confusion, and terror. The contrast was startling. The horror-struck peasants were rushing forth from their doomed cottages. I could fancy that I heard the hoarse shouts of the men calling to each other, and the shrieks and prayers of the women as they fell on their knees and appealed to Heaven for

"As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract!"

help. I could hear the crash of the trees as they were uprooted and hurled into the swollen mountain torrents. I could hear the rushing of the waters as they leaped from rock to rock into the foaming rivulet that swept through the valley, laden with wreck. I stood for I knew not how long gazing upon this picture, and the impression it made has never faded from my memory. Now in both these pictures the painters had successfully represented sound and motion. Why, then, do painters fail so utterly in their endeavours to depict Niagara Falls?"

"Because," said George, "they have sound and motion to depict, not merely to imply. In both the pictures you have mentioned you saw both cause and effect; and the accessories enabled the artists to suggest to the mind of the spectator the ideas of sound and motion, which gave the semblance of reality to the scenes they sought to depict. The dark, murky, cloud-laden sky, and the foam-capped billows of the troubled sea, suggested the idea of storm and tempest; and the position of the ship on its beam-ends, its sails rent and torn, its masts and spars split, its cordage in some places strained to its utmost tension, at others dangling loosely in mid-air, the attitudes of the seamen on board, the pieces of broken timber and wreck strewn over the surface of the sea, all implied that the vessel was helplessly tossing to and fro amidst the raging waters. In the Swiss landscape there was a sense of gloomy grandeur and solitude in the lofty mountain peaks, piercing the very clouds, and in the solitary eagle resting calmly on his wings; while the uprooted trees, the crushed and ruined cottages, the terrified peasants, and the swollen waters of the mountain torrents, all tended to suggest that which the artist sought to represent—viz., the destructive power of the avalanche as it pursued its course down the mountain side, the avalanche itself being the creation of the accumulated winter snows (thawed and loosened from their fastnesses by the warmth of the summer sun), the effects of which were visible in the swollen mountain torrents.

"Now in depicting Niagara Falls the artist has none of these accessories to aid him in his task, and to enable him, as it were, to idealize his picture. In fact, he is compelled by the peculiar nature of his subject to shun such accessories as do sometimes present themselves. Everybody who has visited Niagara knows that the Falls are seen to much the greatest advantage on a fine, calm, sunshiny day, or on a moonlit night, when the air is calm, the sky clear, and when nature is at rest. Now if, as we know, Miss Slowbury, clouds and storm, which serve to give so much effect to a certain class of paintings, deteriorate from the grand effect of the Falls in reality, how much more would they do so in a picture? No artist in his senses would attempt to paint the Falls of Niagara on a cloudy, stormy day.

"Thus you see that the artist who would give an adequate idea of Niagara must *paint* sound and motion (an utter impossibility); not merely *suggest* or *imply* sound and motion, as he can do, and does in other pictures, by means of external objects.

"The artist, in fact, is in this case left without the ordinary resources of art. There are no towering heights, no lofty mountains to depict, and to impress the spectator with an idea of the grandeur of the scene. There are other cataracts, vastly inferior in every other respect to those of Niagara, which fall from a much greater height. Take the Falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, for example. There is beautifully romantic scenery surrounding Niagara Falls; but in painting the Falls it is not possible—nor would it be

politic—to paint in much of this scenery, since, in opposition to all other pictures of the kind, the scenery would detract from the majesty and beauty of the Falls, which the painter must mainly keep in view.

"In fact, all paintings of Niagara are, and must be, comparatively speaking, mere daubs—caricatures of the inimitable original. It is useless to call photography in to lend its aid. Photographs of Niagara Falls are quite as illusive as paintings. The beauty and the sublimity of Niagara alike depend upon natural causes, altogether beyond the power of art to supply. Stand at any point and view the great Horseshoe Fall. All above and around is still and peaceful. You gaze upon a moving precipice of water, which has poured down incessantly since the formation of the continent, and never cease to pour down, at the rate, it is estimated, of 100,000,000 tons an hour, until the world shall come to an end, and Nature shall suspend her operations. Does the picture remain for one moment at a stand-still? The flashes of light are changing continuously. Who can hope to transfer them to canvas? Who can hope to convey to others a correct idea of the scene? There is no wind, no thunder in the atmosphere; not a cloud is visible in the sky, not a leaf is stirring on the trees; yet there comes a ceaseless roar, louder than all the surges of the ocean when it rages most fiercely; louder and more deafening than a thousand peals of thunder, or the discharge of an entire park of artillery. There is no pause—no rest. By night and by day this deafening roar never ceases. The ground trembles beneath the feet of the awe-struck spectator. He feels that there is some secret, hidden power at work, over which neither man nor Nature herself can hold control; and it is this secret, hidden power which imparts to Niagara its fascinating terrors. The spectator feels here, more perhaps than in any other position in which he could be placed, the utter insignificance of man and man's works in comparison with those of Nature, and seems, as he stands or sits, wrapped up in the contemplation of the scene, that he is holding awful commune with Him 'who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand.'

"Here come papa and mamma," said Mary Upton, interrupting a conversation which had assumed a gravity akin to the genius of the place: "let us go and meet them, George."

"I don't see the Captain, though," replied George. "I thought, as he was not with you, Miss Slowbury, he had joined my uncle and aunt in this walk?"

"No," explained Miss Slowbury; "that person who was so intrusive in the car the day we came to Niagara persuaded Captain Jack to accompany him to the Indian village to-day. I don't like that man. His name, I have learnt, is Swoop, and I believe he is a lawyer or land-agent. I *thought* I had seen his face before, and now I am confident, though he was then very differently dressed, that he came down to Wellfleet, where the Captain resides, soon after I went there to live, and actually tried to force himself upon both Captain Jack and myself."

"I thought the Captain didn't give him much encouragement in the car?" said George, with a smile.

"No," answered Miss Slowbury; "but, by some means or other, he has forced himself upon Captain Jack within the last day or two. I suspect he wants the Captain to purchase some land he has for sale, or something of that kind. I only hope, if such be the case, that the Captain won't be cheated; for I can't help thinking that there's something bad about this man."

"Where is little Alice to-day?" asked cousin Mary.

"She is gone with Captain Jack and Mr. Swoop."

replied Miss Slowbury. "It is strange: at first this man's attentions were chiefly directed towards me; but latterly he has left me to myself, and interested himself in little Alice and the Captain. I'm not at all sorry to get rid of him, I assure you; still, I don't know why, but I fancy that it's for no good that he has followed us, as I am satisfied that he did, from Albany to this place, purposely to get acquainted with us. I do wish somebody would warn the Captain of him. I don't like to interfere myself; but Captain Jack is as simple as a child in some respects, and might easily be cheated."

George Neville, likewise, had fancied that he had, somewhere or other, seen the stranger's face before, and the words spoken by Miss Slowbury shed some light upon the matter.

"Swoop did you say this man's name is?" he asked of the young woman.

"Yes; so he calls himself," she replied. "Do you know who he is?"

"I have some notion," said George, who now recollected to have heard that Swoop was the name of one of the attorneys who had been intrusted with the management of the Van Broek property, previous to the appearance of the present inheritor. He also recollected that this was the man who had called at the office of the "Herald of Freedom," and made the anxious inquiries respecting a young woman who had advertised in that newspaper, and in whom both Mr. Van Broek and his cousin Ellen had taken so deep an interest. He now for the first time identified this young woman with Miss Slowbury, and Captain Jack with the retired sea captain, to whose advertisement for a housekeeper she had responded, and with whom she had gone to reside. He wondered now that he had not identified Miss Slowbury before, inasmuch as he had been aware that she had come from Wellfleet, and also that Wellfleet was the name of the village on Cape Cod to which the young woman in question had gone to reside.

He had, however, supposed Miss Slowbury to be some relative of Captain Jack's, and even now he thought he might be mistaken; so, having replied that he had some notion who Mr. Swoop really was, he added, as if carelessly, "I suppose you are a relation of the Captain's, Miss Slowbury?"

"Oh no," replied the young woman; "no relation whatever: indeed, I have known Captain Jack but for a very short time. I am merely his housekeeper; but he has behaved very kindly to me and to my little cousin, and he treats us both as if we were relations."

George was satisfied now that he was right in his surmise, but he wondered what had induced Mr. and Mrs. Van Broek to interest themselves so strongly in Miss Slowbury's behalf, and he now remembered that this lawyer, Mr. Swoop, had asked, in a manner that he had thought strange at the time, who were the lady and gentleman in Brooklyn who had offered to bear testimony to the young woman's respectability. He was satisfied that there was something in all this that he could not comprehend, and his curiosity was somewhat piqued. He would have questioned Miss Slowbury further, had he not been afraid lest she should think him as impertinent as lawyer Swoop himself. This fear kept him silent, and for several minutes not a word was interchanged between the trio who formed the party, and who were soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. Upton.

Leaving the ladies together, George walked forward with his uncle, and, full of the mystery which he fancied he had discovered, he took an opportunity to speak of it to Mr. Upton by making some allusion to the absence of Captain Jack and little Alice.

"Yes," said the minister; "your aunt and I saw the Captain and his little girl leave the hotel this morning with that somewhat suspicious-looking stranger, who, I really believe, intended, from the moment he entered our car at Albany, to force an acquaintanceship with the Captain's party. I don't like the look of it. It was very evident that the Captain resented the stranger's impertinence at first, yet for the last day or two they have been constantly together. Now Captain Jack—by the way, what a singular nomenclature that is! It's not Captain James Jack, or Thomas Jack, though either would sound strangely enough, nor is it Captain Jack something else, but simply Captain Jack! However, setting his nomenclature aside, Captain Jack is a simple, honest, unsuspicious man, who might be easily cheated by a designing rascal; and neither your aunt nor I like to see this ill-assorted intimacy, although it is no business of ours."

"Have you reason to think this stranger's intentions are mischievous or evil?" asked George.

"Why should he force himself into the car the Captain occupied, when I heard the conductor advise him to enter another?" replied the minister. "Why should he endeavour rudely to intrude himself upon Miss Slowbury? Why, when he had received a pretty broad hint that his companionship was not desirable, should he follow the Captain to the International Hotel? and why and how has he contrived, in the course of a few days, to overcome the Captain's repugnance, and to become closely intimate with him? I am a stranger to Captain Jack myself, yet I am half inclined to warn him to beware of this man."

"I have felt as you do, sir," replied George; "but a few minutes since I heard something from Miss Slowbury which leads me to believe that, although this stranger has, no doubt, some sinister motive in thus forcing an intimacy with the Captain, it is not of the nature you suppose."

"Why? How? Do you know who or what this man is?" asked the minister.

"I have just learnt," said George, "that his name is Swoop, and I have not the least doubt that he is the same Mr. Swoop who was interested in the management, or, as has been pretty broadly whispered, the mismanagement of the Van Broek estates, before Mr. Van Broek came forward to prefer his claim."

"He is a lawyer, then?"

"Yes, sir, he is a lawyer; but I have understood that both he and his partner, Mr. Nettletop, have long given up the regular practice of their profession."

"He is known, then, to Miss Slowbury, and of course to the Captain. That makes a difference. Yet, in that case, it is singular that they should in the first place have regarded him with so much coolness, not to say rudeness."

"He is known only by name to Miss Slowbury," returned George, "and his name he himself acquainted the young lady with. She does not know the nature of his profession; neither is it a matter of course that, being known to Miss Slowbury, he should be known to the Captain. Until just now I supposed, as no doubt you do, that Miss Slowbury and little Alice were near relations of Captain Jack's. Such is not the case. And, moreover, what makes the matter more mysterious is that Mr. Swoop's original object was to ingratiate himself, for some purpose or other, with Miss Slowbury and the little child, without reference to the Captain; but, having been repulsed by the young woman, he has succeeded in ingratiating himself with the Captain, and now seems to be careless respecting the young lady. And

then, again, I am not sure, whatever may be Mr. Swoop's object, that my cousin Ellen and Mr. Van Broek are not, in some way or other, concerned in the matter."

"Mr. Van Broek! your cousin Ellen! my daughter concerned in the matter!" exclaimed Mr. Upton. "What connection can possibly exist between them and Miss Slowbury or Captain Jack?"

"That," replied George, "it is impossible for me even to surmise. I will, however, tell you how I came to learn what I have related to you."

George then acquainted his uncle with the brief conversation he had just before held with Miss Slowbury; how that young woman had told him that no relationship existed between herself and her little "cousin" and Captain Jack; how she had stated that Mr. Swoop had followed her to Wellfleet when first she went to reside at that village, and had annoyed her with impertinent questions; how she had recognised his features immediately he entered the car at Albany; and how concerned she was about his present intimacy with the Captain, simply because she suspected him of some sinister intention, though she had no suspicion of its nature. Moreover, he related how Mr. and Mrs. Van Broek had, a few months before, interested themselves deeply in Miss Slowbury's welfare; how they had requested him to indorse her advertisement in the "Herald of Freedom;" how Mr. Swoop, on the very day that Miss Slowbury had gone to Wellfleet, had called at the newspaper office, and had made urgent inquiries respecting her, and had subsequently asked the names of the persons in Brooklyn who were interested in the young woman, and, on being told that Mr. and Mrs. Van Broek were the persons, had appeared to be so well pleased to learn that fact that he (George) could not help remarking his expression of satisfaction; and how Mr. Swoop had gone down to Wellfleet to see Miss Slowbury and the child forthwith.

Mr. Upton, on hearing all this, acknowledged that it was a strange and somewhat complicated concatenation of circumstances, and repeated that he did not like the look of it; and George determined, as soon as he could do so without apparent rudeness, to question Miss Slowbury more closely. When the party returned to the hotel, they found that Mr. Swoop and Captain Jack and little Alice had just got back from the Indian village, and the Captain and the lawyer were in deep conversation in the hotel parlour.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. GREGORY.

BY AN OLD EDINBURGH GRADUATE.

"'Tis Sixty Years Since" I studied Cullen's Nosology, not in books, but in living characters, expounded by Dr. James Gregory. It was during the last course he gave of clinical lectures on the cases of patients in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh in 1806; and, by a rare felicity, specimens of almost all the diseases which students are most interested to know were collected in the wards on that occasion. Of my distinguished preceptor, far seen in visions of the past, let me indulge in the remembrance.

He was one of the illustrious band who, during the latter part of last century and the commencement of the present, continued to make the Edinburgh School of Medicine the resort of pupils from every part of the civilized world. To enumerate the names of Monro, Cullen, Black, Hope, and Rutherford, will show that the worthies of a former age, Monro *primus*, Pitcairn, Sibbald, Plummer, Home, were not without successors of kindred genius and talents.

There are some families in which intellectual superiority appears to be hereditary: of this the Gregories were a conspicuous example. One of them, James Gregory, was the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and the antagonist of Huyghens; David Gregory was Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and an intimate friend of Sir Isaac Newton; another brother was Professor of Mathematics at St. Andrews, and a third, at the same time, at Edinburgh, and they were the first persons who taught the Newtonian philosophy in our Northern Universities.

In a later age, Dr. John Gregory was Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. He was a truly amiable and excellent person, and died suddenly on the 10th of February, 1773. In the conclusion of the poem of "The Minstrel," written a few days after, his friend Dr. Beattie pays the following graceful tribute to his memory:—

"Adieu, ye lays that Fancy's flowers adorn,  
The soft amusement of the vacant mind.  
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn:  
He whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,  
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!  
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue  
My theme? To heart's consuming grief resigned,  
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

"Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled?  
And am I left to unavailing woe?  
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,  
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,  
Ah! now for comfort whither shall I go?  
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers;  
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,  
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.

"Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh, my tears."

His son James Gregory, of whom I now purpose to give a few recollections, studied at Oxford. His first literary productions were chiefly classical, grammatical, and metaphysical, showing great ingenuity and elegance in these different departments of learning.

When he resolved to follow medicine as a profession, he studied the best authors, both foreign and domestic; and, accordingly, like the Boerhaaves, Cullens, and Heberdens, was accomplished in all the literature of the healing art. He was soon appointed to the chair of Theory of Physic, and published the "Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ," in sufficiently pure and classical Latin; which treatise, after all the improvements of modern times, may still be read with satisfaction.

As I do not profess to write a mere panegyric of my old preceptor, I must take the liberty of touching upon some habits and transactions which would better have been absent from his history. *Erat quod tollere velles.*

He was engaged for many years in angry and sarcastic controversy with a large portion of his professional brethren; and this not about subjects useful for the advancement of physic, but for temporary and local objects, involving personal and irritating aspersions on individual character. These polemics were carried on in bulky quartos, abounding in anecdotes, allusions, and descriptions, sometimes in a style easy and graceful as the best of Addison's, at others disgraced by language indelicate and offensive.

The first of these controversies was relative to the management of the Royal Infirmary in the surgical department. The whole College of Surgeons took charge of the patients in rotation. Dr. Gregory thought it cruel that every surgeon, skilful or not, should have his cut when it came to his turn. As the chief surgical opponent, who stood up for the rights of the College, was a very little man, and Gregory a very big man, it may be easily imagined that the ammunition for their mutual

squibs was not soon exhausted, and the *argumentum ad hominem* was banded to and fro in a manner unworthy of the combatants, though amusing to the bystanders.

Another great controversy was with his own brethren of the College of Physicians, and arose under the following circumstances. At the beginning of this century the physicians had a desire to find it lawful for them to give medicines to their patients, without, however, charging for them. The College held that this was no violation of a statute of theirs half a century before. Dr. Gregory thought it was; and, being one of the censors of the College, he published a "Censorian Letter," surpassing in genius and ability his former efforts in polemical skill, but also more execrable still in all his former faults. He accused those of his College who differed from him of breach of faith, chicanery, and falsehood. This was too much to bear. The College, in the early part of 1805, approved of a report laid before them which justified its own officials and condemned Gregory. It would be painful, and not for edification, to enter minutely on the recriminations which followed. Suffice it to say, that a strong vote of censure was carried against him, and the College, without expelling, suspended him. Hence he was said to pay the penalty of being "SUSP. PER COLL."

In all these unseemly skirmishings, it is probable, as an ingenious friend suggests, that he acted on the principle laid down by Anacreon, that every animal knows where its strength lies, whether to gore and toss, whether to kick or sting, whether to butt with the head, or to seek safety by its heels. Nature had gifted Gregory with unrivalled logic and biting sarcasm, and he scrupled not to employ the weapons he could wield so well for the confutation or the ridicule of his adversaries.

When he succeeded to the chair of the Practice of Physic, those follies were laid aside, and he taught it in a really useful and practical way. It was a favourite employment with many medical practitioners during the eighteenth century to form a new "theory of fevers;" and much of Dr. Cullen's description of fever in his work on medicine is to elaborate and defend what he considers as its proximate cause, a *spasm of the extreme vessels*. When some judicious friend doubted of the propriety of such dissertations, he said, "There must be a tub to amuse the whale." Dr. Gregory described himself as an old professor of the theory and practice of physic who had never thrown out a tub for the whale. He described diseases, their symptoms, causes, and treatment, in the most clear and easy language; and, though his lectures contained the results rather of his own experience than of extensive knowledge of the literature of his profession, he was well able to fix the attention of his pupils on what they would probably be called upon to treat any day of their lives, and therefore ought to be ready to recognise and deal with. His pupils will no doubt remember him lecturing with his hat on, and in a sitting posture, though he always took off his hat to his auditors when he first came in, and then began his lecture before he took his seat—his manly form and his good-humoured countenance while he turned over his notes riveting the attention of the youthful crowd above and in front of him. Voltaire tells of a chemist of the reign of Louis XIV who published his course of lectures; and, when he did so, it sold like a novel or a satire. Some feeling like this, or a better, would have attended the publication of Dr. Gregory's lectures; for there would have been found the truest description of human character, life, and manners, with all the vicissitudes from prosperity to broken-up families, disease, danger, and death.

Gout is described in Cullen's "Nosology" as a *hereditary* disease; and, in lecturing upon the definition, as it was the first occurrence of the term, Dr. Gregory was accustomed to give some curious illustrations of the fact. A gouty parent does not always impart the tendency to disease to his immediate descendant; his son may escape the unwelcome inheritance, but it will appear in the grandson. The male progeny in gouty families may have gout; the females often have diseases of the kidneys, a common concomitant of gout.

Family likenesses, some peculiarity of shape, some conspicuous feature of the face—the aquiline nose, or the thick lip—may pass over the son to appear in the grandson or in later posterity. Dr. Gregory himself met with a very striking instance of this transmission of features to a distant progeny. He was visiting at the seat of a noble lady in the country, and she showed him an ancient baronial hall, in which all the pictures had been taken down except one, which he remarked to have a very large nose. The lady said he was an ancestor of hers, and had been Lord Chancellor of Scotland two centuries before. A walk in the grounds was proposed; and they had not proceeded far when he met my Lord Chancellor with a pitchfork in his hand. He remarked to his hostess the strong resemblance to the Chancellor in the characteristic feature of his countenance. On mentioning the circumstance to the steward, he told him that from time to time there had appeared in the village similar aristocratic heads on plebeian shoulders; sometimes missing one or two generations, and then appearing in following ones. Dr. Gregory applied all this to the theory of the transmission of gout and other diseases, which he held to be not strictly speaking hereditary, but only liable to be brought about by occasional causes on those who possessed the same organization. In treating of those occasional causes you might have fancied you heard Pythagoras lecturing against gluttony with the indignation of Juvenal. He described a modern dinner, commencing with soup strong enough to be a dinner of itself, proceeding through its stages of fish, with rich sauce or butter, to beef or mutton, fowl, game, and pastry, all preliminary to the orgies of vinous and spirituous liquors. Those who have read Dean Ramsay's anecdotes, and other historical notices of Scottish society in those times, will understand the justness as well as severity of the physician's satire.

On the Temperance question he was far in advance of his country and his age. He often told his patients that wine was no more necessary for a man than for a horse; and to intoxicating liquors, whether wine or spirits, he attributed apoplexy, dropsy, gout, liver disease, and many maladies that embitter or destroy life.

Among his clinical patients in 1806 there was a poor lad, a butcher, of the age of nineteen, a bloated mass of dropsy from head to foot, the water bursting through the skin before he died. Dr. Gregory pointed the case out to us as a deplorable instance of the total wreck of the constitution by the indulgence in strong liquors. As to liver disease being brought on by strong drink, he showed by a method of cure the truth of his assertion. Dr. John Gairdner, of Edinburgh,\* has favoured us with the following narrative:—"Dr. Gregory was wont to quote in his lecturing to the following effect. He stated that, on the occasion of a large contingent of our troops having been withdrawn from the Bengal Presidency to assist in the war of the Mysore in the last century, many of the officers had left Calcutta with incipient liver

\* See "Nephalism," by Professor Miller, p. 23.

disease, and with complexions so sallow that their friends had little hopes of ever again seeing them. Many of them fell prisoners into the hands of Tippoo, and had the good fortune to be cured by that great physician, by methods similar to those now proposed for the dipso-manics—bread and water. The warnings of our profession are often despised, like those of Cassandra, *nunquam credenda Trojanis*; and so it had fared with the Bengal doctors. But the severe Oriental régime of the new doctor at Seringapatam was, fortunately for his patients, enforced by the bolts and bars of his dungeons, and was therefore very effectual in restoring their health and their complexions. On their return to Calcutta, they found many of their old friends who had predicted their decease labouring under the very symptoms from which they had recovered, and learned that others, whom they had left in good health, had been swept away by the same malady in the intervening period."

When a medical man has, by whatever means, obtained the position of chief consulting physician in a great city, his manners and conduct are of much consequence, both to the younger members of the profession and to the community at large. To his juniors, Dr. Gregory was never haughty or supercilious. To the public he was generous; for he often, in cases where poverty was manifest, rather delicately left a supply than took a fee. From medical men, students, schoolmasters, and clergymen he uniformly refused all remuneration. He once said to a professional brother offering him a fee, "Oh no: you would not have us to be cannibals, devourers of our own species." In his own home and family circle he was especially amiable and beloved.

Being thoroughly convinced of the salutary effects of air and exercise, and anxious, in his own person, to counteract the hereditary gout of which his father had died, he made it a practice to walk regularly from Edinburgh to the pier of Leith and back. In 1794, when French principles were spreading, and the people of Scotland, from much real tyranny in the upper ranks, were beginning to talk of reform, and had even formed a National Convention, the gentlemen of Edinburgh formed themselves into a volunteer corps. There was some awkwardness at first: the *gamins* came to see the gentlemen playing at soldiers. Dr. Gregory, finding that the drill exercise would do as well as the walk to Leith, joined the squad, but proved an intractable recruit. "Why must I do this? Why must I stand so?" Such questions provoked Sergeant Gould, their drill-master, to declare that he would rather teach ten clowns than one philosopher. Some years afterwards, when the danger of invasion from France was imminent, and the people of Great Britain were treated with more kindness by their superiors, the artisans of Edinburgh formed themselves into volunteer corps, and the stately form of Dr. Gregory marched at the head of a grenadier company. He drilled his men in the field, and attended their families in sickness. On one of these visits, finding the unventilated room a thorough "typhus den," his first operation was to purify the air by smashing the windows with his cane.

He was rather sceptical as to new discoveries or improvements in medicine. No stethoscope or speculum, nor any of the mechanical means which enable our modern practitioners so accurately to determine internal diseases, interrupted his long-established routine. "What is the medical humbug now, Dr. Kellie?" he would sometimes ask. Visiting London late in life, he found the fashionable world delighted with the success of a new medicine employed by some of their obsequious Sir Felix Fascinates. He at once detected it to be the

saline draught of Riverius, which had been prescribed two hundred years before.

During that visit, Sir William Knighton procured him a private interview with George IV, whose accession had taken place a short time before. It is well known that the King, in the first days of his reign, was seized with an alarming illness, for which large bleedings were deemed necessary. He spoke freely to Dr. Gregory of the incidents, and told him that, when it became doubtful to the physicians whether further bleeding was safe, and they were equally divided in their opinions, the King gave his casting vote for once more employing the lancet. The King told Dr. Gregory that he was now living very temperately; and he in return said that his Majesty would be very wise if he followed the advice of two very eminent Spanish physicians, Dr. Sangrado and Dr. Snatchaway.\*

One of the last occasions on which I met with Dr. Gregory was in going in his carriage with him to a consultation, when he gave me the account of the interview with his Majesty. He added, "It was somewhat presumptuous in an old fellow like me to give such advice to a great king."

Dr. Gregory died in April, 1821, at the age of sixty-nine.

## OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

### I.

THERE is, perhaps, no city in Europe which in proportion to its size is so impressive and interesting as Oxford. It has been well called the "City of Palaces," and travellers have liked to compare the distant view of Oxford to the first view they have obtained of Rome. The beautiful city lies girdled about with waters and gardens. The elm-shaded and "lilied" Cherwell, the clear broad Isis, flow through a fair English landscape, adorned by wonderful architectural effects, and endeared by a thousand associations. The imposing streets, of great breadth and noble frontage, the magnificent public buildings, the stately libraries and halls, the cathedral-like chapels, the armorial gateways, the smooth verdant lawns, the embattled walls, the time-worn towers, the wilderness of spires and pinnacles, the echoing cloisters, the embowered walks, create an impression—which familiarity only deepens—of beauty and wonder. We can well understand how Wordsworth recognised here a "presence" which "overpowered the soberness of reason." We can well understand how those who have been disappointed in most places acknowledge that they have not been disappointed in Oxford. For when the eye has drunk in, with unexhausted pleasure, the many aspects of beauty, there still remains a whole wealth of recollections of the great and good; and also for many there exist personal and endearing associations that make them breathe the prayer that peace may always be within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces.

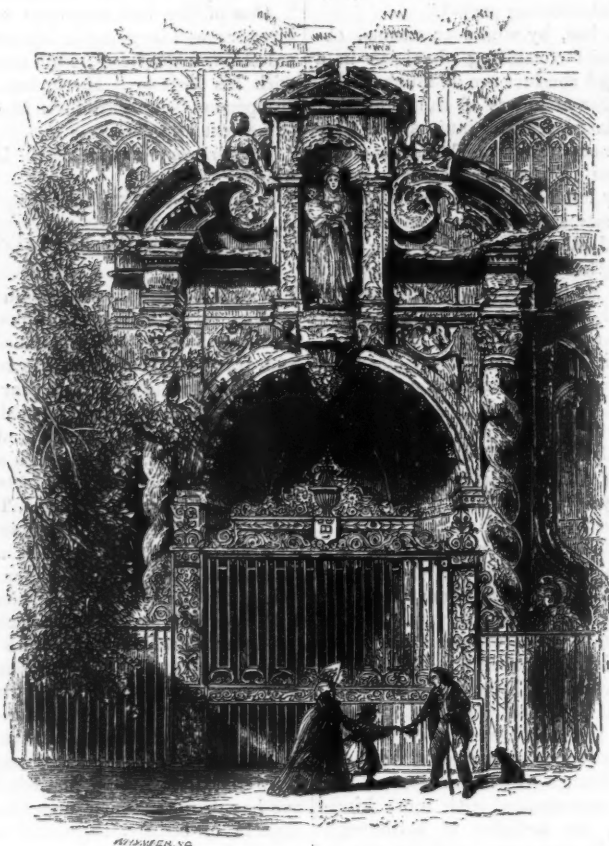
The name of Oxford, like the Greek Bosphorus, means "a ford for oxen"—the definition set forth by the city arms. From the earliest period of our national history the place has been celebrated. "Oxford is a city most strongly fortified and unapproachable, by reason of its very deep waters which wash it all around; being on one side most carefully girt by solid outworks, beautifully and very powerfully strengthened by an impregnable castle and a tower of vast height." This is a description from an ancient work of the time of King Stephen.

\* The master of Gil Blas, and Sancho's "dread doctor with his wand."

And, from the time of King Stephen downwards, Oxford is a name which, either as a city or university, sometimes as the scene of a court or parliament, is constantly recurring in the annals of England.

We will now move about Oxford, and endeavour to gather a general impression of the place. Generally speaking, people come into Oxford by the rail, and so enter the fair city by the least worthy of its avenues. The view is very imposing as you enter from the Blenheim road, passing through the broad, noble street, which, with its lines of trees on each side, presents a boulevard appearance, and, indeed, is superior to many boulevards, having on this side ancient colleges, and on that stately modern structures. Still more beautiful was the great London road in the old

icturesque conduit stood here, but, as it obstructed the road, it was taken down, and the University and city united in presenting it to the Earl of Harcourt. It is still to be seen at Nuneham Park, which is always a favoured spot in the summer for water-parties from Oxford. Let us take due notice of Carfax Church, which is dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, and which, besides its immemorial antiquity, is the civic and municipal church, officially attended by the mayor and corporation. Almost without a doubt, any group of visitors meeting at Carfax will proceed to move slowly down the High Street. As they do so, they will not fail to be struck by the magnificent shops, some of which in their collections of pictures and rarities have a world-wide reputation. We will turn off presently to the left, that



GATEWAY OF ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

coaching days, when the coaches passing into Oxford through the eastern entrance traversed the beautiful bridge arched over the Cherwell, and, skirting the tower of Magdalen, were borne along the "stream-like" High Street. Some years ago the railway entrance was from the west, which led into Oxford by a street which owns some interesting and antique buildings, and gave the traveller his first view of the magnificent frontage of Christ Church. Carfax is the central point in Oxford; and we will suppose that our visitors have reached this as a rendezvous, and will make it their point of departure. At Carfax the four main streets meet, and perhaps it derives its name from this circumstance (*quatre voies*). Formerly a very remarkable and pic-

ture we may enter the School Quadrangle, where the principal University buildings are grouped together; and here we would strongly advise all visitors to ascend the Sheldonian or the Radcliffe. Before we do so, however, we obtain our first view of the beautiful church of St. Mary the Virgin. This is the University church, as Carfax is the municipal.

Stand before that beautiful porch. Perhaps none other is so familiar to you: artists have loved it so much, and photographs have reproduced it so widely. It is an Italian porch, and within it is an image of the Virgin and Child, which has a historical importance; for it was erected by a chaplain of Archbishop Laud's, and was made the matter of one of the articles of

impeachment against this Archbishop. The tower and spire of the church are of imposing beauty. The pinnacles at the base of the spire are especially remarkable. They are decorated with many pomegranates, in honour

will be noted. At the north-east end of the church is the congregation-house, with an upper and a lower chamber. The lower chamber has a groined stone vault, with ribs and bosses of the time of Edward I. —



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

of Queen Eleanor of Castile, the mother of Edward II. There are also statues in canopied niches. Queen Eleanor's almoner, Adam de Brom, superintended the work, and his monumental chantry on the north side is the only one that remains of the old chapel. It is now used chiefly as a robing-room for the doctors of divinity. Of late years there have been considerable apprehensions respecting the safety of the tower. In 1856 it was considered in a dangerous state, and was repaired and secured with rods by Mr. G. G. Scott, and the whole exterior was completely restored by the same illustrious architect in 1862. We will now enter this famous church. It was built in the reign of Henry VII by the University, with the help of many benefactions; the King himself making a grant of forty royal oaks. Charles VIII of France also contributed, together with many princes and bishops. At the western door is the grave of Amy Robsart, whose body was brought here from Cumnors Hall, about three miles off, and whose sad story has been rendered so familiar by Scott's "Kenilworth." In the chancel Flaxman's monument to Sir William Jones

But, after all, the pulpit of St. Mary's is the great attraction. A large part of our modern ecclesiastical history is centred there, from the time when Wycliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, denounced in the University pulpit the Romish canons and novelties of his day, down to the present generation, when the pulpit has been occupied by all the illustrious divines of the University on many memorable occasions. Here men of the most diverse characters have preached, from John Wesley to John Henry Newman. Here the Bampton Lectures are regularly preached, which now in themselves amount to a very important theological library. St. Mary's is both the University church, and also the church of a small parish, comprising a small adjacent district and the outlying hamlet of Littlemore, two miles off on the Henley road. There are regular parish services here, and besides these the University sermon, preceded by the "bidding prayer." It is the theory that undergraduates should always attend the University sermon; but the attendance is often thin, and always fluctuating. When the preacher is celebrated, standing-

room can hardly be obtained. Every master of arts is, in his turn, called upon to preach before the University, and when a master forbears his turn, this is supplied by one of the select preachers. The morning sermon falls to the dean and canons of Christ Church, heads of colleges, and theological professors, according to cycle.

Leaving the church, we get into the famous Radcliffe Quadrangle, so called from the magnificent building which occupies its centre. The Bodleian Library faces the Radcliffe, and St. Mary's Church is behind. We have All Souls and Brasenose respectively on the east and west. Of these colleges we shall have something to say in later articles. It is our intention to ascend the Radcliffe, which has always been our favourite position for a panoramic view. We are now in the centre of the public buildings of the University of Oxford, to which we propose to devote the present paper. "The assemblage of buildings in this quarter," says Horace Walpole, "though no single one is beautiful, always struck me with singular pleasure, as it conveys such a vision of large edifices unbroken by private houses as the mind is apt to entertain of renowned cities that exist no longer." The Radcliffe Library derives its name from that celebrated and eccentric physician who attended the English sovereigns William, Mary, and Anne, and who is said to have predicted the dates of his own death and his royal patients. He left forty thousand pounds for its construction, and a liberal endowment for its support. The architecture of the building is curious, and in marked contrast with the surrounding buildings. It is of circular shape, standing upon arcades, and a noble hall expands into a splendid dome. This hall is exceedingly beautiful, enriched with many works of art, and a noble library of natural science. A dinner was here given to the allied sovereigns in 1814, a scene of great splendour, but attended, we should think, with a very considerable amount of inconvenience. A gallery runs round this room, furnished with bookcases and reading-tables. The building contains Kneller's portrait and Rysbrach's statue of the founder. We should say that Radcliffe's library has been removed to the New University Museum, and the new name has been given, although it will long retain the old one, of Camera Bodleiana; and the place now serves as a reading-room to the Bodleian, open in the evening as well as in the day-time. The Hope collection, recently bequeathed to the University, is deposited here. By a narrow winding staircase we now gain access to the roof for our panoramic view. Gleams of "bowery loveliness" in the very heart of stately buildings, wide meadows bordered by walks where over-arching trees make an ever-lengthening arcade, reaches of fair waters whose broad silver tapers away in the far distance to a glancing thread of light, gardens with gay parterres and armorial gateways, clusters of pinnacles, tall spires, dim cloisters, turrets and embattled parapets, and, beyond these, hills and woods of historic name as a framework to the picture—these make up the panoramic view from the Radcliffe or "Camera Bodleiana." But the pleasure of the observer is greatly heightened if one of the numerous Oxonians, filled with intelligent love for the fair city, is at hand to describe the different objects. There is the old Norman keep-tower of the ancient castle; there are the square towers or tapering spires of the city churches; there is the curious spire of the cathedral, with Tom Tower just behind it; there are the new chapels of Exeter and Balliol; there Magdalen Tower, in its perfect beauty, ruling all its own landscape of watery glades; close by the curious

cupola of the theatre, and the receding towers of All Souls. The beauty of the view is indefinitely heightened when we learn to understand the historic and moral interest with which it is invested.

Through a narrow vaulted passage we turn from the Radcliffe Quadrangle into the Quadrangle of the Schools. Be it known that we are now, as it were, upon academic ground. The undergraduate would be thought to be acting with extreme hardihood, and render himself amenable to proctorial jurisdiction, who should move about in this arena otherwise than in academic costume. On a low door on a right hand side opposite you will perceive a written paper, in front of which a large group of men are gathered. It is the honour list of some examination just out. In another part you will find a large printed list of men who have put down their names for examination in some other school. You may see men anxiously scrutinizing the list, and drawing a line under some name. Such a one is probably calculating the number who will have to undergo a *viva voce* examination before his own turn comes, and how far it may be safe to relax, or how far it may be desirable to put on some extra pressure in his work. If any public examination is going on, any stranger, whether lady or gentleman, is at liberty to go into the room and listen to what is passing. If the examiner is a well-known man among his contemporaries, he may have many auditors; otherwise, the stranger may find himself almost alone. Formerly it was compulsory upon undergraduates to sit for a certain time in the schools and listen to examinations; but this has been abolished now. The scene is simple and impressive. Examiners one, two, or three are sitting behind a large table, flanked by a long line of books; an examinee is before them, answering with easy confidence or painful hesitation; one or two men who have been remanded for examinational purposes are filling up, or trying to fill up, their answers to a paper of questions. Looking at any long list of men to be examined (*examinandum*) on our University calendar, one is always struck by the great number of good familiar names, well known in our modern life or past history; a fact which reveals how great a proportion of our best youth are absorbed by Oxford. It is probable, however, that, though there is no falling off in numbers, but, on the contrary, various projects for University extension are afloat, Oxford is rather losing its hold upon our territorial aristocracy. Lord Derby stated some time back in the House of Lords that, whereas he remembered a time when three-fourths of their lordships' House had been at Oxford, this was now hardly the case with a fourth.

In the Schools Quadrangle we turn first to the Bodleian Library, of which, in common with many Oxonians, the present writer would desire to make most grateful commemoration. The library owes its name to its illustrious founder Sir Thomas Bodley, who achieved, as Casaubon calls it, "a work rather for a king than a private man." Wood includes him, though no author, in the "Athenæ Oxonienses," "because, by his noble and generous endeavours, he hath been the occasion of making hundreds of public writers, and of advancing in as high degree the commonwealth of learning." Bodley was a Devonian. His father was one of the English Protestants who took up their abode at Geneva during the Marian persecution. After the death of Queen Mary they returned to England, and Thomas Bodley was successively of Magdalen and Merton colleges. He went abroad "with the allowance belonging to a traveller," and continued for some years in Germany, France, and Italy. He subsequently married a rich widow, and was after-

wards employed by Queen Elizabeth in some high diplomatic offices. Burleigh told the queen that there was not any man in England so meet as Bodley to undergo the office of secretary, by reason of his well-based wisdom in the Low Country affairs, intending that he should be colleague with his own son Robert Cecil. But, as the unfortunate Earl of Essex also recommended him, Burleigh's jealousy took the alarm, and he prevented this promotion. Mr. Bodley, taking farewell of his court hopes, betook himself to learning, and, "setting up his staff at the library door in Oxford, did restore or rather new found it," and was later knighted by King James.

Standing in the Quadrangle of the Schools, we see on the east the tower gateway. The portal has a groined vault and oaken folding-door ornamented with royal and collegiate arms. The architecture of this tower is of a very curious kind. It exhibits the five orders in regular gradation, Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite; the parapet is Gothic and the plinths of the columns are Arabesque. The rooms that run round the court on the ground-floor are used for examinations, for the reception of the Arundelian marbles, and for the library. In the early part of the sixteenth century the ground was a garden and a pig-market, which latter fact facetious wits have not forgotten. The Proscholium on the western side is often called the pig-market. The library, the picture-gallery included, takes all the other floors; the third storey of the gateway, however, contains the University archives, and the uppermost is, or was, reserved for the use of the reader in experimental philosophy. A door in the south-western corner of the quadrangle reveals a staircase which leads into the library. The original founder of the University library was Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. The basement storey of Duke Humphrey's library was the divinity school; this is one of the most beautiful rooms in England. The windows were once richly filled with beautiful stained glass of an heraldic character; this has all perished in the manifold vicissitudes which the structure has undergone. In the time of Edward VI the lead was torn from the roof, and the brambles grew up about the walls. Here Ridley and Latimer were cited to appear. Ridley at first stood bareheaded, "but so soon as he heard the Cardinal named and the Pope's holiness he put on his cap." The House of Commons held their sittings here when they were driven from London by the plague in 1625. In the civil wars it served as a storehouse for corn; but, though the glass is gone, the matchless roof remains, covered with mouldings and bosses on which are shields of arms. There are pendants from the vaults, which contain small figures in niches, and at either end of the school saints in richly-canopied niches. The building was restored to its present state by Sir Christopher Wren.

To Duke Humphrey's original library Bodley added his own building, containing his costly collections, devoted large funds to its extension, and matured a plan for adding University public schools to the library. At the time when he did this the original royal library was reduced to such a condition that it did not contain more than four or five books. Bodley, unhappily, did not live to watch the carrying out of his plans. But the good work prospered. Other benefactors, prompted by a similar public spirit, aided in the extension of the library. Not many years after, the famous Earl of Pembroke, being chancellor (1624), presented two hundred Greek manuscripts, collected by a Venetian nobleman. Sir Kenelm Digby, the husband of the beautiful Venetia Stanley, only four years later, added the same number of manuscripts. Soon afterwards Archbishop

Laud, becoming chancellor, added many other manuscripts. Then the great Selden added his noble library of eight thousand volumes. After making this bequest, he is said to have revoked it in a rage, because the University authorities would not lend him some book which he wanted. His executors, however, considering that they were to represent his deliberate wishes and not his ill-temper, handed over the library to the University. Many other benefactors might be enumerated—such as Lord Fairfax, always the hospitable friend of learned Oxonians, Malone, the editor of Shakespeare, who gave his library of early English literature, and Mr. Douce, whose benefaction of medals, manuscripts, and drawings constitutes a museum by itself. The library abounds with Oriental and Rabbinical literature, and possesses manuscripts collected at Mount Athos, and the Isle of Patmos. It is entitled by Act of Parliament to a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall. It also constantly makes additions from its own revenues.

We will now ascend the staircase to the library. If it is not a saint's-day, and, therefore, no service at St. Mary's, it is open as early as nine o'clock. Directly we enter we are struck by the stillness and solemnity that reign around, helped by the dim light, the windows with bits of painted glass, the ponderous shelves, the illuminated missals, the graduates or attendants conversing in low whispers, or moving quickly about. There is not the least difficulty about gaining access to the Bodleian. The University costume is sufficient, and an introduction from any master of arts will suffice for a stranger. For reading purposes, the library is as free and as good as the library of the British Museum, with the advantages that you may be seated in front of a window commanding a beautiful garden prospect, that your arm-chair is not disturbed, and that books are allowed to accumulate around you, and you are not obliged to return them to the care of the custodians when you leave the library. The officials, however, are hardly used to the ways of the British Museum, where the attendants delight in promptly honouring the largest orders. At the Bodleian, if you require many books, they were, in my time at least, handed to you indeed by gentlemanly assistants, but with a resigned expression and a look of injury. You will not fail to notice the portraits in the library, and especially to upcast a grateful look at Cornelius Jansen's fine portrait of Bodley. You will see the exercise-book used by Edward VI and Elizabeth when children, and close by the autographs of distinguished visitors. Considered as works of art, the collection can hardly be thought very valuable, but it is interesting as a series of portraits of University benefactors. It contains many curiosities in addition to pictures; among them the very lantern of Guy Fawkes which he had with him when he was apprehended in the cellar of the House of Commons. One of the most imposing objects is a splendid bronze statue of the Earl of Pembroke, the chancellor of whom we have already made mention. Here is a chair made out of Drake's ship, with an inscription by the poet Cowley. Notice especially a portrait of the amiable Dr. Routh, the late president of Magdalen, taken in his ninety-sixth year.

Descending once more to the basement, we turn into one of the old schools to see the Arundelian marbles. These marbles were collected in Asia Minor by one Earl of Arundel, and presented to the University by another Earl of Arundel. They contain some valuable inscriptions, especially the Parian chronicle. There are also other valuable curiosities. In that basement storey which is

below the Sheldonian portion of the library is the Convocation House. The vestibule is called the apodyterium, or unrobing room. In the apodyterium men matriculate when they first come up to the University. And here also the Vice-Chancellor's Court is held, generally by his assessor, and is virtually a court for the recovery of small debts. The convocation-room is principally used for the purpose of conferring degrees; the public business of the University is also transacted there. The process of conferring degrees is curious. At one portion of the ceremony the proctors parade up and down the room, and we are told that if any one plucks the proctor's gown the degree is not conferred upon the candidate; an extreme proceeding occasionally resorted to by Oxford tradesmen in the case of debtors.

Beyond the Schools Quadrangle we pass out into Broad Street, through the Clarendon. This spacious building was erected in part from the profits of Lord Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," which was presented to the University by his son, the second earl. The frontage from the lower part of Broad Street is very imposing. The architect was Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim. The Clarendon occupies a middle position in the history of the University press. It was used for more than a hundred years as the place of the printing-press of the University after the Sheldonian had for a long time served that purpose, and since then the University press has been removed to its present abode. For some time it did duty as a Geological Museum. It is now used for various public purposes, of a very mixed kind. The Hebdomadal Council meet here; the Vice-Chancellor has his justice-room, the registrar his office, the police have their apartments, and lectures are also delivered here.

Proceeding westward, we come to the famous Sheldonian Theatre. This theatre was erected at the expense of Gilbert Sheldon, who suffered much during the time of the Commonwealth, was made Bishop of London when Juxon was raised to Canterbury, and became Archbishop of Canterbury when Juxon died. It is remarkable that Archbishop Sheldon never visited Canterbury that he might be installed, and that, though made Chancellor of Oxford, he was never installed as such, nor yet ever saw this noble building which he so sumptuously erected. Sheldon was one of the most munificent of prelates. He built the library at Lambeth, and aided in the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. In various respects he showed himself to be a man of large-minded and princely generosity. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and he is said to have taken his ground-plan from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. In the roof of the building was formerly the printing-press of the University, and books printed during this time, and even long after the press had been removed to the Clarendon, bore on the title-page *E Theatro Sheldoniano*. In 1858 a cupola was added to the original building, to replace one which had evidently been lost. The public acts of the University are celebrated here—the Comitia, Encenia, and Commemoration of Benefactors. The scene at the Sheldonian is always a very splendid one. The most famous Commemoration was that of 1814, when the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Blücher, the Cossack Platoff, and others, received the red robe of doctor. But year by year the glorious scene of the Commemoration is witnessed. The Sheldonian Theatre then affords a sight which, once seen, is never forgotten. The area is crowded with Masters of Arts and strangers. In the semicircle above, the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, heads of houses, and other dignitaries are seated; behind them

are arranged the ladies, in gay and regular parterres; and the galleries are crowded with undergraduates. The undergraduates, in these modern years, have adopted the practice of greeting all kinds of people and subjects with violent hissing or tumultuous applause; a custom which diminishes the decorum, but certainly heightens the liveliness of the proceedings. There is something very touching, very suggestive, also, in the contrast which these proceedings afford. On the one hand, men who have already rendered their names illustrious are receiving honorary degrees; and on the other, young men, flushed with success and hope, are advancing to the rostrum to recite their prize compositions, which seem an earnest of the future successes of advanced life.

To make our enumeration of this important group of buildings complete, we ought to proceed a few yards westward of the Sheldonian Theatre and examine the Ashmolean Museum. The famous Tradescant and his son formed a collection known as Tradescant's Ark, the most curious and popular show of the day. The son bequeathed it to a lodger named Elias Ashmole, who had kindred tastes, and added a collection of antiquities, including the library of the astrologer Lilly, now of little or no account. Ashmole's Museum was the first museum ever known in England. The catalogue of the curiosities of this museum is highly interesting. Perhaps the most curious item is King Alfred's jewel, found in the isle of Athelney. This was set with coloured stones, cased in crystal, with the inscription, "Alfred ordered me to be made."

This remarkable group of buildings, then, may be considered as making up materially the main part of the University system. The University, in its corporate capacity, and ever in its members, is constantly concerned with some one or other, if not all, of these stately structures. Another group of University buildings remain to be considered, which are quite modern in comparison with these, which are comparatively ancient. The chief of these is the new University Museum, which has subtracted most of the old contents of the Radcliffe and the Ashmolean. This museum is the result of well-considered attempts to give Oxford the same pre-eminence in natural science as she has so long enjoyed in mental science and scholarship, and to give her *alumni* the knowledge which may enable them to comprehend and extend the vast material progress made by the age in which our lot has been cast. The first stone was laid by Lord Derby in 1855, and it was first used, though not quite completed, by the British Association for the Advancement of Science when they visited Oxford in 1860. The architecture of the edifice is constantly a moot subject of discussion, the attack and defence being equally ardent. There is, perhaps, a tolerable unanimity of praise or dispraise in reference to certain portions. You enter beneath a gateway tower into the central quadrangle, which has a glass roof, resting on slender iron pillars. Opposite the entrance is Woolner's memorial statue of the Prince Consort, subscribed for by gentlemen of the city of Oxford. Two galleries run round this court, with open arcades, which give ready admittance to all parts of the building. The shafts of the cloister, chosen under the direction of Professor Phillips, are examples of the geological formations of the British islands, the Cornish granites being especially beautiful. The corbels in front of the piers are in process of being filled up with statues of men eminent in the sciences which the museum illustrates and teaches. The Queen has given five, the undergraduates ten, the Freemasons one. The upper floor has a spacious lecture-room, and on the

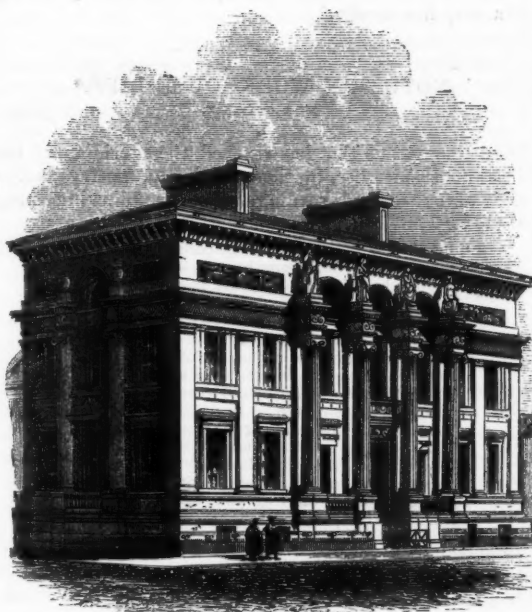
western front are reading-rooms and library; at the back there is a small observatory. Besides the lecture-rooms, there are work-rooms and laboratories for the Regius Professor of Medicine, the Professors of Geometry, Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Mineralogy, Geology, Physiology, and Zoology. There is also a dissecting-room, and a large chemical laboratory. The Professorship of Zoology has been only lately founded by the late Rev. F. W. Hope, who bequeathed, in aid of his object, large collections and large funds. Dean Buckland's collection of fossils is here; and Miss Burdett Coutts has given the Pengelly collection of Devonian fossils, and five thousand pounds to found two scholarships in geology.

One more public building, at least, ought to be specified, which shows how well the University, in its corporate capacity, and independently of the meagre instruction furnished in this direction by the colleges, is providing for what is called the "modern" education of her sons. These are the sumptuous Taylor Buildings and University Galleries, a magnificent "mass of architecture," worthy of its magnificent contents. We shall confine ourselves on the present occasion to Sir Robert Taylor's institution, reserving the subject of the University Galleries for separate mention. Sir Robert Taylor bequeathed a sum of money to the University, "for erecting a proper edifice, and for establishing a foundation for the teaching of European languages." In the reading-

Radcliffe and the Taylor generally were solitary and untenanted.

The galleries, which face Beaumont Street, comprise on the ground-floor a sculpture gallery of 180 feet long by 28 wide, with an additional wing, at right angles, of 90 by 28 feet; on the first floor, besides an ante-room, is a fire-proof gallery and a picture-gallery; there is also a basement storey, with lodgings for the keeper. In the west wing of the ground-floor are now placed a portion of the munificent gift of Lady Chantrey, in the original casts of the late Sir Francis Chantrey's principal works; the remainder, with the greater part of the Pomfret statues, are in the basement storey. In the fire-proof gallery upstairs is the celebrated collection of original drawings by Michael Angelo and Raffaele, one hundred and ninety in number, purchased partly by subscriptions contributed by members of the University, but chiefly by the noble donation of four thousand pounds by the Earl of Eldon.

This sketch of the public buildings of Oxford, beyond the historical and topographical interest, will show how rich is the University in appliances and means, not only for its old scholastic education, but for all the training demanded by the various necessities of modern life. We believe, also, that there are many of her teachers who are deeply impressed with the great end and aim of this wonderful intellectual apparatus. In the noble "bidding prayer" used at St. Mary's, the Divine protection is invoked on Oxford and her colleges, that England may never want men qualified to serve God in Church and State. Such noble words indicate the great central truth that all study and service should be dedicated to the glory of God. It is by the Divine blessing resting on intellectual exertions, and the Divine grace overruling such to good results, that the highest aims of the highest education will be accomplished, and peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety will continue among us for all generations.



TAYLOR INSTITUTION, OXFORD.

room of this institution, the latest foreign publications are found on the tables, and a choice foreign library is resting on the shelves. A professorship of modern European languages (held by the philologist Max Müller), and teacherships in German, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been established. No fee is asked of the members of the University, who may enjoy, without the least expense, the use of a valuable library and the services of the ablest teachers. Yet, such are the inducements of the regular collegiate and University courses, that in the writer's time these lectures were but thinly attended, and the reading-rooms of the

## THE STING OF A SCORPION.

AN EPISODE OF MY ADVENTURES IN TARTARY.

BY ARMINIUS VAMÉREY.

ON my way between Balkh and Kerki, I spent several days in the house of a renowned Turkoman sheikh, who, besides his spiritual influence, exercised also a worldly superiority over the tribe amongst whom he resided. I should have plenty to do if I set myself to relate all the roguery and hypocritical bearings of this Mohammedan saint, especially in connecting bartering with blessing, and business with so-called religion. But at present I wish to speak only of a danger which befel me when in his company, and from which I escaped by a special mercy of the Almighty.

In one of those bright moonlight nights of August I sat up a little longer than usual in the society of some young Turkomans, who found extreme pleasure in my reading of some heroic tales and their national songs. Towards midnight, however, everybody retired, or rather separated for rest, which was merely lying down in the open air. I fell asleep near an old wall, entirely forgetting the warnings so often given to me by the nomads not to dwell in the neighbourhood of old decaying edifices, or near a heap of rubbish. But, alas! I suppose men accustomed to civilized life feel always a secret inclination, towards buildings. A wall, even if in ruin, reminded me of comfort and of settled life, and I may be excused if I listened rather to the voice of my heart than to the counsels of my companions.

Sleep, as usual with me, closed my eyes as soon as I laid me down. I dreamt of the wars and the warriors illustrated in the poetry I had been reading to the Tarkomans. I would rather have had my senses beguiled by remembrance of "sweet home;" but we cannot command the nature of our dreams.

It was about midnight when I felt a terrible and acute pain in my right foot near the great toe—a pain as awful as if somebody had plunged a poisoned needle on that spot. I awoke with a loud piercing cry. I grasped my foot, and, although yet unconscious of what had befallen me, I implored, with heart-rending exclamations, the help of my slumbering neighbours. They awoke, but, before they could come to my assistance, the pain, increasing in violence, began to spread upwards to the head like the flow of a fiery stream. While the right side from top to toe ached in an indescribably awful way, the left remained entirely untouched. In this desperate state it was a gray-haired Turkoman who approached me the first, and saying, "Ah, Hadjim" (my pilgrim), "you are stung by a scorpion," he seized the leg, bound it round the ankle as tight as he could, then, pressing his lips on the spot where the pain originated, he sucked with such a force that I really felt the power of his breath along the whole aching side. In the meantime I was surrounded by the rest of the company, and the old Turkoman, who became probably tired by his exertions, was soon relieved by a second and a third. The sucking, although renewed with fresh vigour, did little or nothing to relieve my agony. Finally, an old Mollah came to apply his holy breath in the shape of blessings. Tapping for some minutes with his fingers on the badly-wounded limb, he uttered curses and imprecations on the evil spirit who came in the shape of a scorpion to torture the true believer. He encouraged me with the promise that so soon as the Muezzin should call for the morning prayer, the evil spirit would disappear, being by nothing more frightened than by the words of that holy admonition.

I remained then in a state the picture of which I could scarcely give to the reader. The vehement pain bereft me of all reason. The cutting, stinging, and burning now pierced through the whole half of my body; but the head, and particularly the right eye, was the most affected. I screamed constantly as loud as I could, but my lamentations and my deep sighs did not prevent the company falling again to sleep. It was undoubtedly the most desperate moment, not only of my journey, but of my whole life. Whilst I thought the poison would kill me here in this strange and distant country, I glanced often to the heavens, not to look for the morning star as the signal of release from my tortures, according to the prediction of the pious Mollah, but to contemplate those shining bright orbs as if I would bid them farewell, and intrust to them my last adieus to my friends in the much-beloved West. In the paroxysm of my sufferings I renounced all hope, and flung my head violently to the ground, as if in order to deaden the intensity of my pangs. I am well ashamed now of my pusillanimous conduct, and I might justly be rebuked of it; but there is scarcely any pain or anguish which could approach that most terrible agony caused by the sting of scorpions—animals which were much dreaded even in the ancient times, and of whose deadly poison I had seen a miserable victim expire some days before. It was a poor Hadji, who, during his prayers, on touching the ground with his forehead, was stung on his eyelid; and there being no possibility of checking the spreading of the poison, he died in the most frightful way.

I lay there in an almost exhausted state. The dawn was yet half an hour distant, when I felt by degrees the fire changing into cold. I thought it was the morning breeze which made me shiver; but no, it was the crisis which had come. Every moment which brought me nearer to the blessed daylight diminished my aches, and—is it not wonderful to relate?—I felt them disappear exactly in the same way in which they came. First of all it was the head which began to clear; the mitigation augmented by short intervals in every limb downwards to the foot; and when the first rays of the morning twilight struck my eyes I felt almost entirely recovered. I was in a state of half-intoxication, all my senses being weakened by the pain. In calling back to my memory the dreary midnight hour, I began to shudder, when the deep stentorian voice of the Muezzin, saying, "There is no God besides Allah," sounded in the distance. The prophecy of the Mollah was fulfilled; but the reader will understand that it was not the holy admonition, but rather the sucking of the Turkomans, that saved me. The wild sons of the desert know the usual term of the sufferings caused by the bite of this venomous animal, and, instead of using a commonplace expression of so many hours, the wise Mollah gave the time of morning prayer as the time of my recovery.

Two hours after sunrise, although weak, I was able to walk about; and how great was my astonishment when, looking at the spot where I had been wounded, I saw but a small, scarcely noticeable point, like the puncture of a very fine needle.

#### NOTES ON WORKHOUSE LIFE.\*

BY A CHAPLAIN.

I.

Who amongst us that has reached the meridian of life does not remember, in the selection of poetry at the close of our school reading book, the following lines, headed "The Village Workhouse"?—

"Behold yon house that holds the parish poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door.  
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,  
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day—  
There children dwell who know no parents' care,  
Parents, who know no children's love dwell there;  
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
Forsoaken wives, and mothers never wed;  
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
And crippled age with more than childhood's fears;  
The lame, the blind, and (far the happiest they!)  
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.  
Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,  
Here, brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;  
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below."

Crabbe is described by Lord Byron as "Nature's sternest painter, but the best;" and that this witness is true, the above lines go far to establish; for the various classes of which the population of a workhouse is composed are here depicted with a truthfulness and power which have never been surpassed.

Crabbe's description of the House itself must now be received as one of the valued contributions of the observant writer (serving as the chronicler of his day) to the raw material of the future historian of England. A great innovation was made upon the workhouse system by the new Poor Law Act some thirty years ago; and the mud walls and broken door, with the noisome exhalations from the open drain or the stagnant marsh in front, are happily things of the past. The great majority

\* It may be well to intimate that these notes were written previous to the late discussions on workhouse administration.

of our workhouse population are now lodged in edifices which, though without any superfluity of architectural decoration (which would certainly be out of place in erections for such a purpose), are of mansion-like appearance and goodly proportions. The primitive buildings which still remain in some of our secluded districts, humble and barnlike though they be, with their low walls and high-thatched roofs, are nevertheless of superior character, and are kept in better condition than those from which our plain-spoken poet drew his graphic sketch.

The allusion in the fourth line of our quotation is also to be regarded as marking a striking change between the past and the present; for such is the revolution wrought by the introduction of steam-power, that the once familiar hum of the domestic spinning-wheel is a sound unknown to the people of this generation.

But there is one word in the last line which points to a state of things in the workhouses of former times more to be deplored than the dilapidated character of the buildings, or even the "putrid vapours" which played around them. We allude, to the word "clamours:"—

"Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below."

This is suggestive of great disorder and utter want of discipline and salutary regulation, and of that unhealthy moral influence which is the invariable attendant upon a scene of confusion. That such was the fact we have the testimony of the Poor Law Commissioners of Inquiry in 1834. They tell us that, in by far the greater number of cases, the workhouse was "a large almshouse in which the young are trained in idleness, ignorance, and vice; the able-bodied maintained in sluggish and sensual indolence; the aged and more respectable exposed to all the misery that is incident to dwelling in such a society without government or classification." Varied as opinions were with regard to "the new Poor Law," there could surely be no ground for dispute as to the imperative necessity for a change of some kind in workhouse administration.

But, lax as the general discipline seems to have been, we have authentic reports of wanton cruelty having been practised in these houses. The writer remembers a poor woman who had been brought up in a workhouse, and who, during his boyhood, came frequently to his home to wash. This woman told us that one of the modes of punishment was to lock up an inmate all night in the "dead-house," the small out-house allotted to the reception of the dead previous to interment. When we consider the superstition prevalent amongst this class of people, greater than it is now, the barbarity of such a mode of punishment could not well be exceeded.

An aged woman of Christian, and therefore of truthful character, whose childhood was passed in a workhouse, informed the writer that, having on one occasion committed some offence, she was tied to a post, and there whipped until her blood ran trickling to the ground.

The fact is, that laxity of discipline and undue severity are more usual accompaniments than would at first sight appear. The latter in any administration is the natural reaction from the former, and both are indications of the lack of power, intelligence, and sound moral feeling.

But the worst treatment of all was that inflicted upon the inmates, and especially, we believe, the pauper inmates, of our lunatic asylums. Many years ago the writer knew an aged matron who in the days of early womanhood had been a patient in — County Asylum, and the cruel treatment to which she was there subjected was one engrossing topic of her conversation.

Some time after being liberated she felt the symptoms of returning mental disorder, and, in her dread lest she should again be taken to the asylum, she threw herself into the river. She was seen and rescued, and, on disclosing her motive for the rash attempt of self-destruction, her mind was relieved of its fears, and her malady, which would doubtless have been aggravated by her return to the place the bare remembrance of which was so terrible, yielded to a more humane course of treatment. This poor woman's account of the revolting cruelty resorted to at the asylum in question was confirmed by the fact which the writer afterwards ascertained, that, in the prospect of a Government commission of inquiry, the parties inculpated not having time to conceal the evidences of their guilt by other means, actually set fire to the building. This occurred from fifty to sixty years ago. It is still remembered by the old inhabitants of the district, and is recorded in the local histories and guide-books.

All honour be to the Legislature, which has introduced such marked improvements into the management of our asylums, workhouses, and similar institutions; and, by a system of regular inspection, has brought them under general supervision, thereby throwing its mightyegis over the weak and defenceless, and rendering maladministration in any extreme degree, or for any length of time, a thing very difficult.

Workhouses seem formerly to have combined the character of a prison. In Johnson's Dictionary a workhouse is defined as "a place where idlers and vagabonds are condemned to labour." And in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (1797) it is said, "Workhouses are of two kinds, or at least are employed for two different purposes. Some are used as prisons for vagrants, or sturdy beggars, who are there confined and compelled to labour for the benefit of the society which maintains them; while others, sometimes called poor-houses, are charitable asylums for such indigent persons as, through age or infirmity, are unable to support themselves by their own labour." But it would appear that the same building was generally used for both purposes, and that the appellation "workhouse" or "poorhouse" was applied to it indiscriminately, or according to the custom of the locality. In the old coaching days a beggar at Limerick was importuning the passengers of the mail on its arrival, when one of them addressed him, "Be off with you, or I will send you to the poorhouse." He promptly replied, with the ready wit so characteristic of his race, "Sure enough, thin, yer honour will be sending me home; for mine's the poorest house in all Limerick."

In the popular outcry against the changes introduced by the new Poor Law Act, the name of "Bastile" was given to the workhouses; and in the provincial dialects of the North this is the term by which they continue to be designated, not with any reference to the original application of the word, but simply as a name.

## II.

Our modern workhouses were erected by moneys obtained on loan, to be repaid in twenty years. They are under the general regulation of the Poor Law Board, and their immediate administration is conducted by the local board of guardians.

Not the least beneficial arrangement under the new system is a suitable classification of the inmates. Over the ago of seven years there is a complete division of the sexes, with the allowance of occasional exceptions in favour of aged or infirm married couples. One side of the building is appropriated to the males, and the other to the females; the general plan of the two halves being

similar, and the several apartments corresponding on each side. The ordinary classification is as follows:—

1. Children of both sexes under seven years of age.
2. Boys from seven to fifteen.
3. Girls from seven to fifteen.
4. Able-bodied men, and youths above fifteen.
5. Able-bodied women, and girls above fifteen.
6. Aged and infirm men.
7. Aged and infirm women.
8. Sick men.
9. Sick women.

In addition to these, there are the inmates of the fever wards and the Lock Hospital. The vagrant-office also, or night-refuge for the wandering and houseless poor, is now, in many instances situated at the workhouse, and some workhouses have wards for lunatics.

Such is the general classification; but it is highly desirable that there should be a sub-classification of the sick. There ought to be wards for sick children, so that they may not be mingled with the adults; and the superannuated, who are never still during the night, should be kept in separate wards, so that they may not disturb the other sick inmates by their moanings or wanderings. The workhouses of recent erection afford better facilities for this sub-classification than those which were built immediately after the passing of the Act, the sick wards being smaller and more numerous. The general arrangement of the buildings, too, is of improved character.

The dietary of each workhouse is fixed by the Commissioners of the Central Board, but it varies in different districts, regard being paid to the dietary of the independent labourers in each district. There is a graduated dietary for the inmates under medical treatment, the patients being assigned to such and such class of diet, which is indicated by numbers, as "No. 2 diet, No. 3 diet," and so on, at the discretion of the medical officer for the workhouse.

The time-table of these establishments is in accordance with the usages of more primitive ages. The following is the order at the workhouse with which the writer is best acquainted, and which for the sake of distinction he here calls Lupton Workhouse. The bell rings for all, except the inmates of the sick rooms, to arise at 5.45 a.m. in summer, and 6.45 in winter; breakfast, 6.30 in summer, 7.30 in winter; dinner, 12 at noon; supper, 6.30 p.m.; prayers read in the dining-hall by the governor after breakfast and supper.

According to the census returns for 1861, the number of inmates of workhouses in England and Wales, including the schools for pauper children, was in that year 125,722. This return, which is exclusive of the resident officers, and does not include the inmates of the pauper lunatic asylums, gives a proportion of one in one hundred and sixty to the entire population. In the eleven union divisions of the country there is great variation presented as to the ratio of the workhouse population; the eastern, south-eastern, and south midland counties, and the metropolitan district ranging considerably above the average, and the northern counties and Wales being very much below it. In the eastern counties division, embracing Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, one person in every hundred was a workhouse inmate. In the south-eastern division—Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire, with the extra-metropolitan portions of Surrey and Kent—the proportion is one in a hundred and one. The next is the south midland, which takes in Middlesex out of London, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire. In these counties, taken one with another, the ratio is one in a hundred and fifteen; and in the metropolitan district it is one in a hundred and seventeen. The remaining seven divisions are below

the general average viz.: the south-western—Wiltshire, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset—one in a hundred and seventy. The north midland—Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, and Derby—one in a hundred and seventy-eight. The west midland—Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Worcester, and Warwick—one in a hundred and ninety-two. The north-western—Cheshire and Lancashire—one in two hundred and twelve. The northern—Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland—one in two hundred and fifty-one. Yorkshire, one in two hundred and eighty-two. And Wales, with Monmouthshire, one in three hundred and twenty, or just half the general average, and less than one-third of the proportion in the eastern and south-eastern divisions.

The relative diminution of the workhouse population as we advance northwards is probably to be attributed in a great measure to the absorption of the juvenile poor in the various branches of manufacturing industry, and the generally higher scale of labourers' wages; and in Wales, where the average is so extremely low, a greater proportion of the poor are in the reception of out-door relief than in the other union divisions, there being eight union districts in the Principality without a workhouse; and in 1861, to which year our statistics refer, there were nine such districts with no workhouse.

The mean number of persons in the receipt of in-door and out-door relief in 1861 was 883,921, being 4½ per cent., or a little over one in twenty-three of the whole population. Our workhouse inmates, therefore, numerous as they are, only constitute one-seventh part of the paupers in the country.

The number of paupers classed as insane on the 1st January, 1862, was 34,271, of whom 22,960 were returned as lunatics, and 11,311 as idiots. The insane inmates of workhouses amounted to 8603; the number residing with relatives or in lodgings was 6157; 1193 were in registered hospitals, or in licensed houses; and 18,319, or about eleven-twentieths, were in county or borough lunatic asylums. The entire number of inmates of our lunatic asylums was returned, in 1861, at 24,345. It therefore appears that more than three-fourths of those inmates are supported out of the parochial rates. But, as the above returns include private asylums, it is highly probable that the 1193 insane paupers in registered hospitals or licensed houses are to be reckoned as part of the 24,345, in which case the paupers number four out of every five of the inmates of the lunatic asylums in England and Wales. This is easily accounted for. Many of our pauper lunatics represent families decidedly above the pauper class, and they would not be dependent upon public charity but for the peculiar character of their malady. In ordinary sickness or infirmity they would share the homes of their friends. In the Lunatic Asylum best known to the writer, a charge of nine shillings weekly for each inmate is made upon the unions to which they respectively belong.

The total number of children in the workhouse schools and district schools for the half-year ending Lady Day, 1862, presented an average of 36,779. But these figures do not represent the entire number under school instruction, as in many of the small country workhouses the children attend the national school of the district. In a union division in the midland counties, embracing sixty-two unions of parishes, there were twenty workhouses in which the children were taught by schoolmasters and mistresses, thirty by schoolmistresses only, and in twelve they were sent to the national school.